

The  
Freshman  
Sotoyoman

October 1910



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# Dedication

To the Freshman Class  
of 1914, in token of our  
good will and to welcome  
them to Healdsburg High  
School, do we dedicate this  
issue of "De Sotoyoman."



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# Contents



## Literary

A Freshie Romance (Story)	Page three
A Story	Page five
A Freshie's First Day (Poem)	Page eight
"Bill" (Story)	Page nine
Experiences of a Freshman (Story)	Page ten

## School Departments

Editorials	Page eleven
Girls' Athletics	Page twelve
Boys' Athletics	Page thirteen
School Notes	Page fourteen
Social Notes	Page fifteen
Alumni Notes	Page sixteen
Exchanges	Page seventeen
Joshes	Page eighteen

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# The Sotoyoman



## Literary Department

Vol. VI

HEALDSBURG CALIFORNIA OCTOBER 1910

No. 1

### A Freshie's Romance

By Vera B. Nelligan

The little Freshie had recovered from his fright, and began to look around him with big, wondering eyes. Across the aisle sat a little girl with golden curls and blue eyes. The blue eyes looked tearful and the little Freshie's heart went out to the golden-haired girlie with a leap—such a leap, too, as nearly rent his little body in twain. All his own fear was forgotten in his sympathy for her; his trembling transformed itself into a thrill of joy at thought of being able to help this fair maiden. Ah, here was a knight would have done honor to Arthur's Round-Table!

"I got a apple down stairs an' you c'n have half of it," offered the knight by way of acquaintance. The maiden smiled shyly at him and, not to be outdone, offered the little fellow half of her gum. After this, conversation lagged, but the Freshie looked often in the blue-eyed one's direction, and each time received a glowing smile from behind the golden curls.

When the time came for going home the Freshie hurried round to the front yard and got behind a tree. Soon the little girl came out the door and

down the path. His heart beat faster. His hand went to his pocket, which bulged suggestively.

When the little girl was opposite the tree where the Freshie thought he was hiding, he stepped out quickly, thrust out the apple and remarked—"you c'n have it all, I guess." The fair one blushed stuck her finger in her mouth and said no word, nor moved to take the proffered gift. Then the Freshie began to dig his toes into the ground—forgetful of his patent leathers and his mother's many injunctions to keep them clean. The situation was becoming embarrassing. "Don't you want it?" he said sharply (referring to the apple of course)—and slowly, shyly she made answer, "I want you to have some of it, too."

Things cleared up wonderfully then, for the gallant little freshie did want some of that apple so badly; also, he had a most bold and thrilling idea, which he now presented. "I haven't a knife to cut it—(he refrained from saying how clever he was at breaking open apples) but I'll walk along with you and we can both take bites." So it was agreed, and the procession moved ahead.



The Freshie's bites grew bigger and came oftener as the apple disappeared, and all the time he kept up a steady flow of remarks. The little girl liked to have him walk with her, so at first she said nothing about the way he ate. However, just when they reached the big tree which stood before the little girl's house, the little girl's lip began to tremble and her eyes filled with tears. The Freshie stood still in astonishment at this demonstration, "what's a matter?" he asked, in tones of melting tenderness, and she answered be-

tween her sobs, "you went an' ate nearly all that apple yourself your an Indian giver, you are!" and her anger blazed forth accordingly.

Here was trouble to be sure. But Freshie's wits did not take long to find their opportunity. Slipping his arm gently over her shoulder he said "I'm a pig! But if you'll stop crying I'll bring you a stick of licorice (he pronounced it "likrish") tomorrow. Lets make up!" Which they proceeded to do, in the true and proper fashion of childhood—you probably haven't forgotten how!



## Aeroplaning

I thought myself an aeroplane  
I had a dream of bliss  
I thought the lovely winged thing  
like this  
up  
soar  
would  
But every time I started out  
Though I had lots of spunk  
The old thing balked and kicked and broke  
and  
fell  
to  
earth  
ker  
plunk



## A Story

H. A. J. '11

The King of Siam probably has more strings on that much to be desired sprite—Happiness than any other ruler in the modern cosmos.

He has no 'young Patriots' to fear, no bombs to dodge, not even a comfortable national debt hanging over his royal head, and, lest we forget, he has fifty of the 'best in the kingdom' in his harem. In his residence in the capitol city Bangkok, situated on the beautiful Menaw, he may either direct with kingly hand the affairs of state, or retire, when he wishes, to his submerged harem which, when unoccupied floats on the surface of a fine artificial lake, but which is lowered to the sandy bottom at the request of its royal master, and there, shut off from the outside world, enjoy rest and comfort.

One would think that with the absence ills and the presence of so many positive comforts even a King might be satisfied; but contentment is not the primordial instinct of man, and indeed, Chulalongkorn, the enlightened though regarded almost in the light of a diety, was no exception to human ruics. He had received a good education in England, in his youth, and, during his subsequent course of self development had acquired a great liking for the English classics. In his broad mindedness he recognized their superiority to the rhyming jingles and alliterations of the Siamese literature, and he longed for companionship in his enjoyment of them.

Sitting in his palace one day, not many years ago enjoying one of his most enlightened moments, a bold thought came to Chulalongkorn, one so unprecedented, that for the moment even this doughty monarch waved—but not for long, with contemplation came conviction, and he ordered the lord treasurer to come before him, "my wish," he said, "is this, that my most beautiful daughter, Kenawanah, shall be properly instructed in the fine arts and in the English classics. For this purpose, obtain the best English governess on the market, madame Bankhurst, whose proficiency in these lines is well known. Her services must be had, even to a tenth of the ticals in the royal treasury, Sir, it is my wish!"

No one ever doubted the wisdom of the king, neither did any one ever disregard his wishes. Madame Bankhurst came. She was large of build, her nose was distinctly masculine, her brain, for a woman's, was developed to amost uncanny degree—but no one doubted the wisdom of the king. She was aggressive, it was even dimly whispered that she had original ideas. And this Chulalongkorn thought to introduce into his fair garden of Eden, with its excess of Eves; but no one doubted the wisdom of that most supremely exalted and infalible lord.

Up to the Madame's arrival in Siam, and her subsequent establishment in the King's household, she had been no worse than broad minded and independent, in fact she was a free-thinker but she was an observant woman, a thoughtful woman, and she soon recognized that woman in Siam is the submerged nine-tenths. Now she became a slave to an idea, gladly and voluntarily in bondage, and her task, to uplift Siamese woman. She did not find Kenawanah to be an inapt pupil for her ideas, and her work was soon well on its way.

Jealousy is peculiar to the lower aimals and to woman, and Kenawanah had many rivals among the daughters of Chulalongkorn. It was, therefore not long until this new movement was brought to the notice of the royal master, and the favorite was called before him to answer charges. When she appeared, Chulalongkorn, assuming his most kingly attitude addressed her, "Kenawanah, it had been held that you have been taught, or influenced by your tutor, in the ways of thought of the English people as well as of the English poets, in fact, that you have taken an unworthy view of your training. If my cooks are trained, is it that they personally may be benefitted? No, it is that they may more perfectly accompilsh their duty, not that they may be made more worthy but that their service may become worthy. So it is with you, your education is not for your benefit, the cause for it is that you may more perfectly serve me."

Kenawanah drew herself up as straight as a succession of curves will allow, and summoning the dignity of five feet four to her aid, she answered



her kingly father, "O Chulalongkom, I love you as a daughter should love a father, I respect you as a subject should respect its king, but as a woman to a man, I claim equality, equality of brain, and being your daughter, equality in the freedom of their use,"

O high-handed modernity, O progressive and aggressive twentieth century ideas, why must you have come into this man's land, why sow your seeds of discord and domestic strife in the very household of this 'Sacred Lord of Lives,' why have caused this beautiful flower of Siam to be snipped in the bud, for what could come but death after such an expression of black infidelity?

"By my mighty ancestor Pye-yu-tak!" shrieked the enraged Choulalongkom, "you shall pay for your equality", and he was about to snip the young life with his dagger, but at the melting beauty of his erstwhile favorite daughter, his courage failed him. Instead of dealing immediate death he informed the rebel that she would be given in marriage to Phyanam, the most vicious of the Siamese nobility, if that dignitary would risk cowing her unwomanly spirit. In the meantime her unsalutary influence would be removed from the harem, and Kenawanah exiled to the royal gardens slightly outside the city of Bangkok.

John Paul Jones, American, a few days after Kenawanah's exile, set out to visit the famous Bangkok-Budda, and on the way noticed the royal gardens. John Paul thought that he was getting a few lines on Siamese national character and, bearing this altruistic interest in mind, with the usual disregard for conventionality peculiar to a stranger in a strange land, he climbed the wall surrounding the garden, and made his way, unobserved, into the garden. He had not proceeded far, when he was stopped by a spectacle, familiar in Siam, that of a beggar asking for alms. The beggar, as is the custom, was crouching in the dust, crawling toward the superior, in this case a young woman evidently of noble birth, and wierdly mouthing the expression of his humility, "your slave-a hair a little beast" "Dubs!" he thought to himself, "that girl is a beauty, though, doesn't look like a native, light complexion, must be of noble blood." Hello," he muttered, as he suddenly caught a gleam of steal concealed in the beggar's right hand, "foul play here, though can't imagine why there should be, natives as a rule are harmless, would'nt even kill a mouse, part of their religion." But he now plainly saw that the gleam was reflected

from a dangerous looking knife, that the motions of the beggar were guarded, that the muscles were tightly drawn and that the air was furtive—deals which had escaped him before. He thought to cry out a warning to the girl but that would be useless, the beggar was now at her feet. John Paul had played American baseball, had in fact played on the varsity nine, and therefore, quite naturally, the first object that impressed itself on his mind was a round stone lying on the ground. He picked it up and threw it strongly at the hand holding the knife. Not waiting to see that the aim was true, he sprinted after the stone, towards the scene of action. The stone met the hand just in time, the knife flew wide, and the beggar, hearing the swift approach of certain justice, cut off in the opposite direction. John Paul reached the girls side just in time to support her, for, in sudden realization of her danger, she was about to fall. When the girl, who proved to be Kenawanah, regained some of her original self-possession, Jones realizing that the situation was somewhat fantastic, felt himself entitled to an explanation. "What fair maiden might have been the cause for the necessity of the enactment of my "Little David Stunt?" he asked sweetly, but perceiving the puzzled expression on Kenawanah's face, thoughtfully put his question into more classical English. A narrative of the quarrel with her father followed and Kenawanah ended with her explanation of the attempted murder, which was that Phyanam had refused Chulalongkom's offer, and that her father had finally decided upon quiet murder as the simplest course.

It was now John Paul's turn to narrate. "Do not be alarmed at my being in the garden," he said "I am not a spy, and I really am perfectly harmless. My cognomen is John Paul Jones. The ancient has it something like this. "One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke, another out of smoke brings glorious light, and, without raising expectation high surprises us with dazzling miracles." Well that, well mixed, diagnoses my case.

I hear the sage calling down the corridors of time, past the doors of immerable other Jones', to me alone—master mind to master mind, and all that. My first year and a half of Harvard I spent in a close study of the stock exchange, and I finally worked out a plan by which I might beat some of the old stayers. As I had a little money, I put the plan into execution, and the result was that several trusts shut up shop. Well, the smoke



got so bad that I had to get out, and consequently I came to Siam.

Your affair seems to be considerably tangled, and as I am, for the time, a sort of Knight errant, if you will accept my services, I will try to get you out of this hole." In reality he had hardly given Kenawanah the chance to accept his help, but instead mentioned the morrow as a time of council and left hurriedly. Kenawanah was hardly in a position to reject any possible help, and, if the truth were known, she was very much impressed by the young American, and very willing to let the course of events be directed at present by his strenuous mind.

John Paul Jones had much to do during the remaining hours of the day. He surmized that Madame Bankhurst would have been dismissed by Chulalangkom, and on calling at the hotel in Bangkok most frequented by Europeans, he proved the surmise correct. He introduced himself without loss of time, and related the events of the day. The madame was very distressed at the turn the affair had taken for she had taken a great personal interest in her pupil, and she readily and enthusiastically accepted John Pauls rather wild plan, which was that he if possible should gain Chulalangkom's consent to his marriage with

Kenawanah and, with this accomplished, that the Madame should take Kenawanah to England as her ward.

John Paul now went to the headquarters of United States minister to Siam and through him gained audience with the king. As may be imagined, he did not find it in the least difficult to gain the royal consent, as the hired assassin had returned and told a strange story of wonderful intervention on behalf of Kenawanah.

The following day, at the appointed time, John Paul Jones returned to the gardens, accompanied by Madame Bankhurst, and the plans were completed, Kenawanah blushing unreasonably when told of the subterfuge practiced by John Paul Jones upon the king.

Just one year later a couple, one of which had recently changed the name Kenawanah for that of Mrs. John Paul Jones left England on the Lusitance for the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Question—was John Paul culpable for marrying one whose ancestors had been dusky and flat-nosed, or was he justified by fulfilling the ancient laws of romance, and ultimately adding to the cosmopolitan population of the United States?





## A Freshman's First Day

By V. B. N.

The Freshie sits and sucks its thumb,  
While tears adown his face do run,  
And often, with a wild "boo-hoo!"  
It sobs, "Me 'ants my ma, me do."

It toddles slowly to the stairs;  
Its bottle in its hand it bears,  
And down it tumbles, head and heels,  
"Oh, mama! here me tum," it squeals.

Its mama in the office sat  
She jumped and ran at sound of that,  
She caught the darling in her arm,  
And took it back to daddy's farm.



## "Bill"

By Mary L., '12

He was a small red haired boy of about eight years. He had mischievous twinkles in his light blue eyes and his mouth was well nigh always opened in one of those "ear to ear" grins. But his face would not have condemned him as being prone to mischief so quickly if it had not been for his nose. It was the funniest freckled pug you ever saw and by itself would make one be inclined to laugh. This small personage bore the distinctive name of "Bill," and Bill's worst apparent fault was his frequently executed desire to make his sister, Margaret, cry. He had chased her with a snake one day until she screamed herself sick, and when told by his despairing mother that some day the tables would be turned on him, he just tilted his nose a trifle higher and took on an air of, "Humph, I don't care," just as he has seen his elder brother do.

Mother had gone away one day and so Bill, being left in the care of a nurse, decided that it was an ideal time to put into execution a plan which had sprung forth from his original brain. There upon he went to the barn and secured a rope. Then, going cautiously into the kitchen, he emerged bearing a long butcher knife and a chair. He placed the chair under a large limb of an old apple tree and by climbing out upon it he managed to tie the rope securely. Then with one of his broadest grins he stood upon the chair, fastened the rope in a slip knot around his neck, and seized the butcher knife firmly.

When all preparations were completed to his satisfaction, he called lustily, "Margie, Margie!

Come here!" and "Margie" came. As soon as he saw her, Bill kicked the chair from under his feet and dangled in the air, the rope tightening around his neck. Seeing this Margaret brake into screams so loud and filled with fright that Bill, having accomplished his purpose started to cut the rope with the knife. But alas! the knife slipped and fell to the ground, and Bill now himself thoroughly frightened, tried in vain to untie the rope. The world seemed black around him and Margaret's wild screams seemed to fade away, and then he knew no more.

But Susan, the nurse, had heard Margaret's cries. First she muttered something about wishing she could "spank that cry baby," and then she hastened to the scene of action. She reached the tree just as Bill dropped the knife. She was stunned for a moment and then recovering her wits she grabbed it up and in a frenzy struggled to cut the rope. It was so dull that it seemed hours before she held the gasping boy in her arms.

When Bill returned to consciousness he was in his mothers arms while the face of Margaret bent lovingly over him. He wondered a few moments about what had happened and then exclaimed weakly, while only a shadow of his former grins spread over his face, "Say, mama, it's good that I learned Margie how to scream good an' hard! Ain't it?"

Bill is now a Freshman in a certain High School and it can readily be understood that he never related the above happening to any of his school mates.

Now turn the paper back again.  
Hello, we knew you would do it.



## Experiences of a Freshman

By L. D. '13 and M. A. '18

It was John Brown's first day in high school. When he reached the school house, the boys of the upper classes were at the door in an attitude of expectancy. He tried to pass them, but one boy caught him, took off his shoes and threw them over the fence, with the sound of the boys' laughter ringing in his ears, John managed to climb the fence and get his shoes, and then made his way to the assembly hall by means of the back entrance.

Here little Johnnie was given a seat in the back of the room which, the professor said, would be his on condition he would not talk.

Then the teachers were introduced to the students, the Freshmen only staring blankly the while. Little Johnnie made mental calculations about the various teachers. The language teacher frightened him--she appeared to know so much and to expect everyone to do likewise. Inwardly quaking, Johnnie surveyed the history teacher--she seemed so stern.

At the end of the week a big boy announced in school that there was to be a reception to the Freshmen in the theatre that evening, and our Johnnie was rejoiced at the prospect.

Arrayed in his Sunday best, John made his way to the theatre at eight o'clock--but he didn't get the reception he had gone for. Instead he was roughly seized, deposited in an automobile and taken a long way through the darkness. At Lytton, nearly five miles from the scene of the festivities, Johnnie was put upon the ground and commanded to walk back. The automobile and its occupants then promptly disappeared.

Johnnie was fortunate enough to get a ride back to town, and brave enough to attempt the reception again. Within he had the satisfaction of seeing the automobilists of a few minutes since look, decidedly baffled--but the satisfaction was proverbially short. Escorting a timid little girl to supper, Johnnie was tripped up by a Sophomore boy, and fell in an inglorious heap on the floor. Poor Johnnie! He crept outside to cool his burning face, and then took his weary way homeward, resolving never to appear at another reception while he was a Freshman.

In the course of time, Johnnie grew less awkward and more mischievous till he was considered good enough for a Sophomore.





# EDITORIAL



## FRESHMAN NUMBER

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief .....	Lela Yarbrough '11
Assistant .....	Vera Nelligan, '11
Business Manager .....	Herbert Mothorn, '13
Assistant .....	Marshall Lewis
Literary Editor .....	Mary Levendusky, '12
Assistants } .....	Elsie Emmrich, '14
} .....	Louise Doran, '13
} .....	Helen Emmrich, '12

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Social Notes .....	Benlah Jones, '13
Alumni Notes .....	Isabel Carter, '11
Senate Notes .....	Marshall Lewis, '13
Girls' Athletics .....	Helen Meisner, '11
Boys' Athletics .....	Alden Eldridge, '11
Exchanges .....	La Clara Schulze, '11
Joshes .....	Harold Madeira, '13
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### The Freshmen

Though we miss the Senior class of last year, our hearts are gladdened when we turn to the Freshmen class. Such a jolly, big, class would gladden the heart of any school.

Freshmen, though you may have had numerous tricks played upon you and have received upon all sides the usual treatment bestowed upon the "Babies," remember that we do appreciate your

presence, that is the way in which we demonstrate our affection. We wish your cooperation and hearty good will in all departments of our school life. Here's to your success!

### The Faculty

It seemed indeed like coming home to return to school this term for with the exception of Miss Atcheson, who is teaching in Eureka High, we have the same teachers we had last year, Professor Bull, Mr. Hinchey, Miss Wilkins, Miss Studley and Miss Harmon, all of whom we love and are glad to have with us again. Miss Studley has taken the classes in Mathematics since Miss Atcheson is not here and to fill Miss Sindley's place in the History classes we have Miss Jarman, whom we gladly welcome into our midst. We hope she may enjoy her work here with us.

### The Paper

At last our paper is clear of debt, thanks to the earnest efforts of our Business Manager of last year. We are in a position now to improve our paper if we have the hearty support of the school. It is not only a fine grade of paper or an expensive cover that makes a good journal but we must have plenty of good material to put into our school paper, and if the students do not do their share and support those whom they put in control they cannot expect a success of the paper.

Be ready to assist as well as to criticize and remember your editor is inexperienced.





# BASKET-BALL



The girls Basket Ball team has organized with Elva Beeson as captain and Helen Meisner as manager. We have begun to practice but we certainly miss our players who went out with the Senior class. Also the team has been weakened considerably since Inez York left school because she was our only experienced guard.

Now we will have to train some one else for that position. As a continuation of our woes we will also miss Beulah Jones this year as she will be unable to play on account of being occupied with her music.

Dr. Kinley is kindly coaching us again this year—a fact we thoroughly appreciate. To Dr. Kinley we owe most of our honors and in no more fitting way could we show our appreciation than for all the girls who possibly can, to show their interest

and help the team out in the practice work.

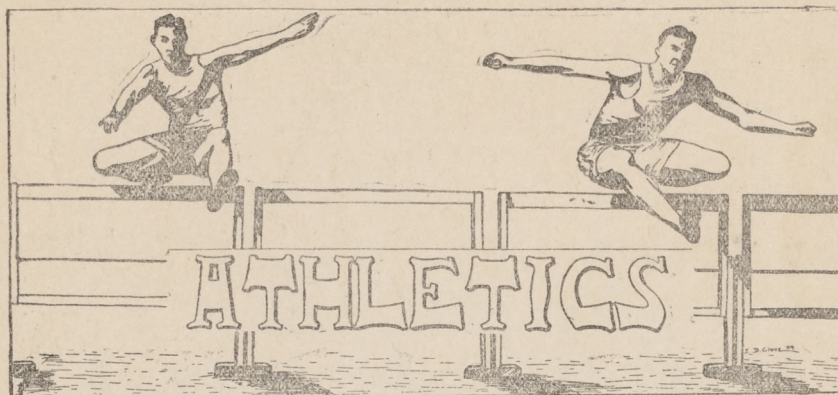
As a whole the girls have taken quite an interest in Basket Ball and we hope they will continue to do so. We are also glad to see so many of the old players practicing this year. As we have planned to have a game soon, we need every one to help us.

The Freshmen are showing considerable interest though more would have been welcome. Several have begun to practice who played in grammar school. We expect to have a very good team because we think some of the new girls will develop into good players.

Friday evening, September 23, the girls Basket Ball team received the benefit of both Nickelodeons. The girls wish to thank the school and the public for their support.







The fall training season has opened and all who are trying to make the team are right in the midst of hard training for the event for which they are entered.

On account of the short time which the boys have to train they are not feeling very confident but that makes it better as they will give some of the other scholars a good surprise.

We have some very promising material this year as nearly all of the old team are back again with the exception of Brannum and Lampson, but each of them say that they will return a little later.

Schulze is running a very good race in the quarter besides being a fine relay man and Scatena is doing very well in the Shot put and the low hurdles. Bagley is also running good in the 440 and the

relay. Passalacqua is doing good work in the low Hurdles and sprints. Lewis trains well in the distances and Eldridge in the Pole Vault. Doran also is doing very good work in the hammer throw.

Last but not least comes the promising Freshman squad, composed of Banks, Frost, Madeira, Blackburn and Briggs. As they have not been training long they cannot tell as yet what event they will enter.

The track shed, which has been out at the old track ever since the new track was built, was brought in last week by a few of the boys, with the assistance of Dolphy. Last Sunday Coolidge with the assistance of a few of the boys got the foundation up and we all hope it will be finished soon.





## SCHOOL



## NOTES

The officers for the classes have been organized as follows:

Seniors—President, LeClair Schulze; Vice President, Elva Beeson; Secretary and Treasurer, Clara Doran.

Juniors—President, Weaver Bagley; Vice President, Helen Emmrich; Secretary and Treasurer, Sybl Hasset.

Sophomores—President, Louis Byington; Secretary and Treasurer, Wayland Bagley.

Freshmen—President, Lloyd Darby; Vice President, Helen Skee; Secretary and Treasurer, Elsie Emmrich.

Miss Jarman is with us as our History instructor this term.

E. Lampson '10 and Fannie Phillips '10 are back at High this term taking Post Graduate course.

We are glad to have the following with us again; Sybl Hassett, Beatrice Hall and George Brown.

Geneva Gladden '10 visited school Friday afternoon.

Anna Foppiano '10 was a visitor one day last week.

Geneva and Genevieve Gladden spent three weeks visiting in Modesto, Stockton and the Bay cities.

Evelyn Goddard '11 spent several days visiting friends in the Bay cities.

Anna Hotchkiss '10 visited school one afternoon last week.

Genevieve Gladden '11 spent a week camping in Lake county.

Conway Hall '10 was a school visitor one afternoon.

Bessie Flewelling '12 and Loleta Flewelling '13 spent a week visiting in the Bay cities.

Effa Grant '11 enjoyed several days visit in Oakland and Berkeley.

Vera Nelligan '11 spent a few days with Bera Mothorn '10 in August.

Mary Levendusky '12 enjoyed a two weeks visit at Pacific Grove in July.

Our former instructor, Miss Acheson, is now teaching in Eureka High.

A reception was given the Freshmen by the three Upper Classmen at Truitt's Theatre, September 16.

Florence Upson '12 spent a week camping.

Elizabeth Gallaway '11 spent a few days in Petaluma.

Mr. Hinchey enjoyed a three weeks visit in Siskiyou county.

Albert Simrak '11 spent two weeks in San Francisco.

Violet Yarbrough '13 visited friends in Oakland.

Ethyl Gater '14 spent her vacation at her mountain home above Cloverdale.

Lela Yarbrough '11 spent her vacation walking with crutches, owing to a sprained ankle.

We have two additions to our Junior class, Miss Allen from Cloverdale and Miss Ethyl Gater from the northern part of the state.





# Social Noles.

On Friday evening, September 16, our first social affair of this year came off. It was in the form of an informal reception tendered the Freshmen and complimentary of the three upper classes.

As this was the wee one's first appearance abroad after school hours, they may have been a little shy but were not allowed to be wall-flowers, for when a game was announced, the bashful '14's were hussled to the front for partners and as the girls took the initiative and asked the boys for the first Tucker there was a wide demand for Freshie boys.

There was a good representation of the students and all seemed to have an enjoyable time including those poor babies who allowed themselves to be taken for an auto ride, thinking it was part of the evening's programme and made to walk a mile or two back.

Dignity was afforded the gathering by the presence of three of the faculty—Miss Harman, Miss Jarman, and Miss Studley.

Games were played and songs sung until about eleven o'clock when a grand march was formed, passing before a booth prepared for the serving of the refreshments. Half an hour later, a suitable time for little ones to retire, all departed for their home, concluding the enjoyable evening.

We'll probably have something interesting to tell you in the next issue. We hear whisperings of a Freshman social.

The German classes are looking forward to the organization of the German Glee Club which will afford them, with the assistance of their imaginations many enjoyable hours in "Deutschland."

## New Rules

This year we have some new and strict rules in school, which we should appreciate rather than complain of. They are for our benefit and for the purpose of making our school one of the best as we all desire it to be.





Ethel White '05 spent her vacation in Maine visiting relatives.

May Banks '07 is teaching the Hamilton school this term.

Bera Mothorn '10 is attending Mills College.

Roy Vitousek '08 is a Junior at U. C. this year, also Floyd Bailey '08.

Edith Field '10 has entered the San Francisco Normal School.

Edith Passalacqua '09 is teaching music here and is a very efficient instructor.

Carroll Waterman '09 has entered the Affiliated Colleges this year and is taking a course in pharmacy.

Edward Beeson '09 is also attending the Affiliated Colleges.

Violet Leudke has moved to San Francisco to make her future home.

Edwin Kent '09 has entered the University of California, taking a law course.

Basil Hall '10 is continuing his studies at the Santa Rosa Normal School.

Annie Doidge '04 is teaching the Manzanita District school this term.

Aubrey Butler '08 has entered on her third term at the University this year.

Adelma Walters '04 is teaching this term at the Lytton school.

Jessie Boss '08 has a position in Mr. Herron's store for the present.

Mrs. Emma Maland '94 is teaching in San Francisco.

Blaine Goding ex '10 has gone on a surveying trip on the new road between here and Wendling.

The wedding of Miss Florence Wright '05 and Mr. Fred Cummings took place at the brides home the latter part of June. The bridal party took their place under an artistically arranged bell of pink and in the presence of their relatives plighted their troth, Rev. Miller officiating. After an elaborate wedding breakfast the happy couple were speeded away on a pleasant honeymoon trip. They are now living with the brides parents on Matheson street. The Sotoyoman extends heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cummings.

Homer Coolidge '09 is employed in the construction of the new Gallaway Garage.

Miss Edna Metzger '99 is teaching manual training this term in the Durant school in Oakland.

Miss Anna Amesbury '91 has returned to her school in Berkeley after a years leave of absence. Miss Florence Barnes '98 is the regular Democratic nominee for Superintendent of school for Sonoma county. We wish her success.



# Exchanges

The Cardinal and Black for June 1910 is the best number of your paper we have received. It is very good indeed. We suggest a cut for the literary department—a cut always seems suitable at the beginning of the paper.

The commencement number of the "Lowell"—we have not room enough for the praise this issue deserves and no room is needed for criticism.

"The Tiger" is equally excellent—a splendid commencement issue.

As we receive the "Tamalpais Graduate" but once a year it is doubly welcome when it comes. The June 1910 issue is a great improvement over the 1909 number and is an excellent paper.

The El Gabilon, June 1910 has a most artistic appearance. The material is clever and well arranged.

The Advance 1910,—welcome to our table again. We regret that so good a paper comes only once a year.

Sequoia, June 1910, is very neat and interesting. Your improvement is noticeable.

"The Searchlight"—Despite the repeated criticisms you persist in putting advertisements in the front of the book—and where is your index? Otherwise the June number is very good, although we think white paper is best for a High School journal.

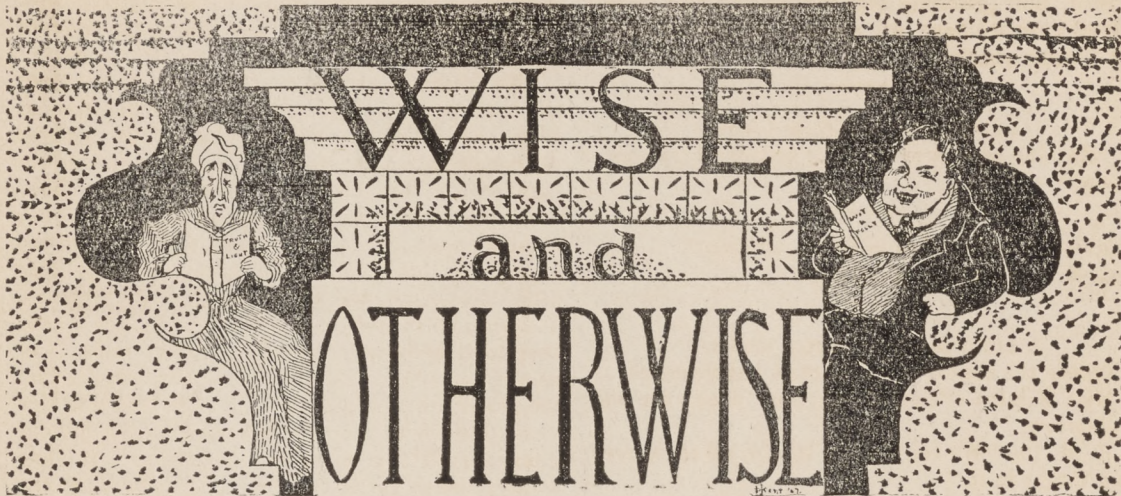
The Cogswell, June 1910 is excellent, beginning with the cover—clear through. It certainly is a worthy example of the good high school paper.

"The Tomahawk" for June 1910 is a fine number. The cuts are noticeably good.

The Oracle, June 1910 is a handsome paper and the material ranks well with the appearance.







Because we are not witty,  
Because we have no jokes  
Because we print no stories  
To please you fussy folks,  
You sigh and groan and grumble  
And fling us on the shelf  
Moral—"Gentle readers,  
Just write something yourself."—Ex.

Freshmen! Remember that the drug stores that advertise in "Ye Sotoyoman" sell milk bottles, nipples, etc. to nurse you in your tender years.

Hard on Mrs.

Mama (to her naughty daughter)—"You go right up stairs and pray."

In half an hour she came down and her mother asked if she prayed.

Daughter—"Yes mama, asked him to forgive me"

Mama—"What else did you say?"

Daughter—"asked him not to tell Mrs. God for it would get all over heaven"—Ex.

Music purchased by German Glee Club.

"Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming" with illustrated cover.

"Trust Her Not" for 50 cents.

"I wouldn't Live always" without accompaniment.

"See the conquering Hero Comes" with full orchestra.

"Home Sweet Home" in A flat.

Teacher—"Leo, what is the largest river in Italy?"

Leo—"The—the—the"

Leo's Sister—"Say Po, Leo."

Leo—"Sapolio"

Ex.

"Deep wisdom—swelled head,  
Brain fever—he's dead.

A Senior"

"False fair one—hope fled  
Heart broken—he's dead

A Junior"

"Went skating—bumped head  
Cracked skull—he's dead

A Sophomore"

"Milk famine—not fed  
Starvation—he's dead

A Freshman."

Prof. Hinchey to C. P '11—"Charlie, what were the characteristics of the people of Peru?"

C. P. '11—"Don't know. I'm not acquainted with them."



Prof. Bull (glancing over the Senior Chem class)  
"Well I see we have all serious people in here"  
La Vergne giggles.

-----  
Latest Song of Senior Class.

"Has any body here seen (or heard) Genevieve's  
curse?"

-----  
Miss Wilkins—"How is poetry written?"

G. B. '13—"By perspiration."

-----  
A problem for geometry students

(Scene the board)—To bisect an angel (angle)

Miss Wilkins—"Remember your poems are due  
to-morrow."

H. M. 13—"We can't write it with all these feet  
and things in it."

-----  
Warning, Thirteenth Commandment.

"Miserable Freshmen—Read—Remember—Obey.  
Wretched trash of the class of 1914, impress these

precepts of the mighty Sophomores on your micro-  
scopic bumps of intellect. Terrible is the doom of  
the disobedient.

"No freshman can wear a cap of any sort, except  
the blue postage stamp allotted for the class of  
1914. Red being the sacred color of the honored  
Sophomore class, let there be none seen on a fresh-  
man, such as red ties, socks etc. Use the back  
door only, sit not on banisters or steps that your  
childlike gaze encounter. Smoking a pipe on the  
grounds is forbidden to all infants of class 1914  
filth. Queen not, talk to no maiden on the grounds.  
You are only babies. Carry the sophomores books;  
obey their beckons; doff your hats or caps. Let  
us, the honored brotherhood of sophomores see that  
the pestilence of sopheads, rah-rahs, and the like  
- - - this pile of garbage, the cat dragged into our  
glorious midst, be made to obey orders. If they  
disobey, let us throw the above mentioned into the  
vile pond of chemical slime Ye fresh, green,  
tender ones take notice!

Beware! Beware! Beware!

Leave your dear little nipples at home."

## **J. WALTER CRIDER**

Headquarters for everything that  
the High School Student uses

**Penants  
Frock Suits  
Collegian Clothing**

**Block letters and numbers  
All Styles of Sweaters  
And Hats**



## Your Fall and Winter Wearing Apparel

Our stock is larger and the assortment throughout the various departments in the store is greater than ever.

You can trade here with perfect confidence that every purchase you may make must be right in quality and price.

We are now showing our **Fall and Winter Line of Clothing**, Hats and Furnishing Goods, Coats, Suits, wraps, waists, Fancy Goods, Corsets, Underwear, Hoisery, Etc.

**ROSENBERG & BUSH, Inc.**

"You are a chemist and a druggist are you?"

"I am"

"Been in the business many years?"

"I have"

"Understand your trade thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is your certificate hanging over there?"

"It is"

"Well, give me a nickle worth of gum please."

Old maid (entering music store) Have you  
"Kissed me in the moonlight?"

Clerk: "Er-er I guess it must have been the  
other clerk."

Teacher—"Give an example of metronomy"

Pupil "I have one foot in the grave"

Teacher—"Is that what I asked for?"

Pupil—"Yes"

Teacher—"Where is the metronomy?"

Pupil—"I have part in the hole if I have one  
foot in the grave."—Ex.

The chilly rain was falling fast,  
As through the streets of Healdsburg passed,  
A group who with their simple air  
Would cause one srtraight way to declare,  
They're Freshies.—Ex.

### For Women

New Net Waists

New Style Skirts

New Models

W. B. Corsets

Furs, Sweater Coats

Rain Proof Umbrellas

### The Elite Toggery

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**FURNISHINGS**

and

**CLOTHING**

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Bill" Suits

Schwab's \$15 Specials  
Schwab's \$20 "Better

Grade" Suits  
College Cut Suits

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The Best  
Home Paper

Your Job Work is Finished Neater and Looks Better if Done  
at the Office of

**The Enterprise**

Place a Trial Order and See How we can Please You

Judge—"Whats your name?"

The Swede—"Jim Olson"

Judge—"Married?"

The Swede—"Ya I been married"

Judge—"Whom did you marry?"

The Swede—"I married a woman"

Judge—"Well, you fool, did you ever know any  
one that didn't marry a woman?"

The Swede—"My Sister, she married a man"

—Ex.

Benjy had a bear,

The bear ate Benjy,

The bear was bulgy

The bulge was Benjy.

—Ex.

The little boy sat on the back bench and swung  
his feet—"I'll tell you what my name is if you'll  
tell me yours" he said.

"Well what is it?" asked the girl.

"Lemme Kishew, whats yours?"

"Allie Wright," and she dug her little toes in  
the ground and waited.

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Stop at the

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Cuisine and Service Unexcelled

"Hy, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The Beef Trust laughed to see the rise  
And the citizens dined on a prune."—Ex.

1913  
In our class theres a chap named George Brown,  
Who usually acts like a clown.  
He's our largest member  
And he came this September  
This know all Chappee named Brown.

"Why are you crying Jonny?"  
"We was playing train and I was the engine"  
"Yes?"  
"And pa comed in and switched me." Ex.

F—agg'd Brain  
L—oss of sleep  
U—nearthly hours  
N—o Lessons  
K—idding girls

—Ex.

Jimmie Dumps  
Hobo  
Bosco  
Pippin  
Harry Hit  
Tred Wright  
Freak

*Some of the Latest  
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he is not satisfied until you are satisfied.

He is at the Hotel Sotoyome on the  
6th and 7th of each month

Mr. Smith--"Taking music lessons are you  
Willie? Well do you know what flat is?"

Willie--"Yes, sir, three rooms and a bath"--Ex.

Really H. S. has started a wonderful fact. He  
says that water is wet.

**MARK LEVY**  
**Tailor and Draper**

Suits to your measure \$25 to \$50  
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**HARDWARE**

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**H. H. S.**  
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The Busy

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### AHEAD OF THE GAME.

The wedding had just been pulled off and the presents were many and costly.

"Suppose," she said, "our marriage should turn out to be a failure."

"In that case," he replied, "we can divide the presents."



## ONE WOMAN'S WISDOM.

"Tomorrow will be my husband's birthday," said Mrs. Newed, "and I am going to give him a lovely present."

"What are you going to give him, dear?" queried her mother.

"A fountain pen for him to sign checks with," answered the young wife.

---

### SHE SAID "YES."

The new married couple had been quarreling, and the bride's eyes flashed fire as she spitefully said:

"Oh, yes, it's quite different now, but I can see you now as you were the night you asked me to be your wife, and as you knelt at my feet and implored, 'Speak just one word, angel, just one little word, and make me happy for life.' You don't remember that, do you?"

"Yes, I do," vigorously replied her angered spouse, "but you said the wrong word."

---

### HAD HEARD PAPA SAY IT.

The School Teacher—"Willie, can you tell me the meaning of leisure?"

The Bright Scholar—"It's the place where married people repent."



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